

The Indian Missionary Record

BOL. 1, NO. 10

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER

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The First Christmas

By Bess Samuel Ayres.

When Mother told May that Jesus the Babe
Had nowhere to lay His wee head,
And that He was born in a cave, on the hay,
May turned to her mother and said,
 "If we had been living in Bethlehem then
 When the Innkeeper turned Them away,
 We wouldn't have let them go out to the
 cave,
 Nor let the Babe sleep on the hay.
 "But when They were seeking a place for the
 night,
If Joseph had knocked at our door,
The Babe could have slept in my own little bed,
And I would have slept on the floor.



The Indian Missionary Record

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REV. G. L. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I., Editor.

ED. LAFLEUR, Associate Editor.

Cum permissu superiorum.

VOL. I, No. 10 - November-December, 1938

EDITORIAL

At the beginning of the Church year, which is the first Sunday of Advent, it is fit to remember some points of religious practice in our Catholic homes. We must not believe that religion should be left entirely for the Church. It is Catholic doctrine that parents are bound to teach religion to their children and encourage practice of the religion in the home. Even the pagans had special religious exercises in the home; in the days of the Roman Empire, every home was a shrine, every father offered sacrifice to the household gods. The Jews have maintained to this day their ancestral traditions of having religious exercises in the home. We Christians, therefore, should bring the idea of God in our homes, and we should model our lives on the pattern of that of the Holy Family of Nazareth.

The ideal Christian family has its basis on the love of God; it upholds the authority of the husband as the head of the family, and the dignity of the wife and mother as the heart thereof. The Christian idea of home includes parents and children living together in the love of God, and keeping the Commandments. Unfortunately the love for God has been often supplanted by the love for self, and where these selfish motives are dominating, the family welfare has been sacrificed.

One of the best means to preserve, or even to create a religious atmosphere in the Catholic home, is the observance of the feast days of the Church. First of all, the revival of the use of Liturgy as a means of sanctifying the home, seems to be the only practical and attractive means of strengthening the bond which exists between the Church and the home. The individual Christian is united to the Church through Baptism, and the family is united to the Church through its public worship, that is, Liturgy. The parents should therefore give precept and example to their children in matters of divine worship. A family should assist at Mass in a body. But also, we must remember that the Church recommends domestic worship. In too many homes, alas! what is called family prayers, have fallen into desuetude. These prayers should be made before the crucifix in the living-room at least every evening. The saying of grace at meals is also a Christian custom of long standing, and should not be abandoned.

The liturgical year provides abundant opportunity for identifying the domestic life of the family with that of the Church. We can avoid giving dinners, dances and parties during Lent, or the fasting vigils, such as that of Christmas.

In this sketchy outline I have just made a few suggestions. But the subject goes much deeper

than I have dared to venture. The health of Christianity is bound with revival of Liturgy and revival of the family, with worship at the hearth, as well as at the altar. These cannot be separated, as we cannot have one without the other.

G. L. Laviolette, O.M.I.

GRISWOLD RESERVE

Letter to the Sioux Herald, Marty S. D.

St. Michael, N.D., Oct. 26, 1938.

Dear Herald:

On Oct. 16th, the Rev. Fr. Edward, O.S.B., came in our St. Joseph's meeting and presented a letter from the Rev. Fr. Laviolette, O.M.I., of Lebret, Sask., wanting someone from St. Michael to be sent to Griswold, Man. The Catholic Indians there wanted to organize a St. Joseph Society, that one be sent from here, and organize them. They chose me to go, so on Oct. 19th, I went there, and stayed at Mr. Zepherin Sioux' home and I was treated well. Rev. Laviolette took me to the place. That evening, we had a meeting in the church and there I talked to them of what St. Joseph and St. Mary Societies mean; on Friday evening, we had a meeting at Mr. Sioux' home and elected officers for the coming year:

Percy Tacan, President; Amos Taylor, Vice-president; Zepherin Sioux, Secretary; Peter Tacan, Treasurer; Peter Taylor, Banner Carrier and Caring for the Sick; John Hart and Henry Hotanin, Visitors of the Sick; John Duta and Lloyd Toss, Cemetery Supervisors; James Ross, Doorkeeper; Robert Bell, Singing Leader and Catechist.

St. Mary's Officers: Mrs. Zepherin Sioux, President; Mrs. Jesse Tacan, Vice-president; Mrs. Peter Taylor, Secretary; Mrs. Margaret Bell, Treasurer; Mrs. Percy Tacan, Visitor of the Sick; Mrs. Henry Hotanin, Sewing Supervisor.

Your friend, Ignatius, Court.

(Reproduced from the Sioux Herald, Nov. 1, '38.)

QU'APPLLE INDIAN SCHOOL

Regulations for the Visit of the Parents to the School at
CHRISTMAS

The parents are invited to come to the School on Saturday, December 24th. On that day, the Hotel will be opened to receive them. Because of the favorable services by Train and Bus, it is useless to come before that date.

The Parlor hours will be the same as on Saturdays: 12.30 p.m. to 5.00.

On **Christmas Day**, the parlor will be opened from 10.00 a.m. till 5.00 p.m. A Special Entertainment by the Children will be given for the Parents at 2.00 p.m.

On **Monday, December 26th**, the parlor will be open from 9.00 a.m. till 5 p.m.. At 12.00 a.m., the Christmas Dinner will be served in the Boys' Refectory. In the afternoon, the same program will be followed as on the preceding day.

On **Tuesday, December 27th**, the parlor hours will be the same as on the preceding day. In the afternoon, the Christmas Tree party will be held.

On **Wednesday, December 28th**, there will be no parlor. The Hotel closes in the morning.

This invitation does not entitle anyone to obtain food from the School. It affords only the privilege of seeing the children and of using the Hotel.

M. de Bretagne, O.M.I.,
Lebret, Sask., Dec. 1st, 1938. Principal.



CATHOLIC RADIO BROADCASTS

Sunday Programs

- 1.30 p.m.—CBC Trans-Canada Catholic Hour, Rev. J. McGahey, C.S.B.
 3 to 4 p.m.—WHO Des Moines (1000), Father Coughlin.
 4.00 p.m.—CJCA Edmonton, Catholic Truth Broadcast.
 4.30 p.m.—CJRM Regina, Catholic Hour.
 5.30 to 6.00 p.m.—CJRC, CJRO, CJGZ Winnipeg Catholic Hour, Rev. Fr. R. Wood.
 5.00 p.m.—KFYR, WMAQ, Washington Catholic Hour.
 7.30 p.m.—KFJM, Ave Maria Hour.
 11.15 p.m.—KSL His Exc. Bishop Duane G. Hunt.
 (All times mentioned are Central Standard time)

LEBRET, SASK.

The Halloween party was a novelty by the Senior Girls. They put on a few plays which they made up themselves, and entertained splendidly with their singing. A touch of realism was injected when Vic McKay showed us what he had to battle with when at the National Park this summer. He led one of his White Bears into the hall, and had every one on the rampage for a few minutes.

Rev. Sr. Laberge, Assistant to the Mother General of the Grey Nuns, passed a week at the School on an inspection visit.

Fr. Lamontagne, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblate Fathers, was also a visitor to the School during the month.

Sr. Craft has gone to Beauval. Her pupils saw her leave with regret. Sr. Boulet has taken her place.

The children of the School were X-rayed for Tuberculosis last month. Let us hope that there are no T.B.'s among us.

Fr. Principal has returned from Winnipeg with a shipment of Minks to start the Mink Farm. Now we'll see what Tony and Louis can do.

Many former pupils of the School will be sorry to learn that their former instructor in Blacksmithing, Mr. Dan McDonald, died in Lebre, after an illness of a few months.

Mrs. M. Salomon, wife of the former shoe-maker at the School, and mother of Mr. M. J. Salamon, teacher of the Senior Boys, also passed away. She died at her home after nearly two years of illness. The Indian Missionary Record offers its sincere sympathies to the afflicted families.

Through the courtesy of Fr. Loran, of Regina, a Talking-Picture, entitled "The Flying Cross in the Arctic", was shown to the school children on October 31.

ADDITION AT THE SCHOOL OF LEBRET

In the last issue of the Record the Principal promised to speak a little more about the new course to be given to the grown-up girls before they leave the place where they had received their education.

Mr. Hoey, superintendent of the Welfare and Training of the Indian Affairs, is a former Minister of Education in Manitoba; he knows that generally the large institutions cannot give to the pupils the kind of "finishing touch" required for starting at once the keeping of a household as our Indian girls have to do very often.

With a large number of inmates incapable of any initiative, being too young, the girls are trained to give a little help here and there rather than a general training in Housekeeping. This is a natural consequence of a system by which the welfare of many is sought for, but where few available workers could be found because they are in the stage of formation only. Beside this they have scarcely reached the age at which they are capable to learn, their parents want them at home, and the Department allows them to be discharged.

To remedy this state of things and prevent any criticism, Mr. Hoey thought that it would be advisable to give the big girls a chance to act at the School as they would be at the head of their household and responsible for its upkeep.

The Principal of the School of Lebre has decided to start as soon as possible that training. The girls of age who give satisfaction at the School will be asked to go to a building near the School, deprived of the many modern equipment of a large Institution, and will learn baking, cooking, sewing, etc., as if they were in their own home.

At the time of their discharge, if their services would have been perfect and if they will be in need of help at the time of their wedding, a recommendation might be presented to the De-home.

Nothing is definite on that point, but such is the general scheme. Details will come with time.

For the Boys, aside of the general farming which they have always learned at the School, since its foundation, with success, as evident by the ex-pupils who are capable of earning their living through that occupation, a new way of being busy with some chance of a good result will be found in the training at the Mink Ranch. Some 50 minks have been bought and their care has been given to some boys who, if they succeed, will be helped probably by the Department and the Principal to start by themselves that profitable kind of business.

News will be given about the success of these new additions to our course in the future.

M. de Bretagne, Principal.

MARIEVAL, SASK.

COWESSESS SCHOOL NEWS

Digging Potatoes.

On Sept. 19, we've been digging potatoes all day; the boys were at one end of the potato field and the girls at the other. We had our own partners, our own pails, too; we had fun some times filling up our pails quickly and running to the truck or to the wagon, where two boys were kept busy all the while, for they had to empty the pails for us. After dinner, all the girls were overjoyed, because we were given one candy for each pailful we had; some of us had thirty candies, enough to fill up a fair bag. Wasn't that sweet?

Lucy Belanger, Gr. IV.

* * *

Busy Little Fellows.

The Grade 4 boys now work in the afternoon with Mr. Laferty. By this time we have to spread some manure in the garden; we use four horses. We also go to work at the farm picking Russian Thistle. Nearly every day we go to Grayson with Mr. Gregoire, but only one at the time, each in turn. That's a fair treat, isn't it?

Joe Vincent Lavallee, Gr. IV.

* * *

Milking the Cows.

One evening, after digging potatoes, the boys went to the lake, and the girls stayed in the yard. It was milking time but the boys were not yet back. So the eight biggest girls went with the Brothers. While going to the barn they asked us if we were good milkers and we all said "yes" without telling them we were afraid of the bull, a little . . . The two Brothers chased in the cows. It was time for us to milk; we ran for each a seat and got each a pail. First we asked Brother Nadeau which cows we should milk. He told us only the tame ones. So we all sat down and began to milk. Of course, most of us were afraid of the young bull. I don't think I could milk more than half a pail for my part. When we were finished milking, the two Brothers sent out the cows, oh, dear . . . that was the most exciting moment; we ran to the most secure place we could find, but all the same we had the best of fun. At night, after offering our day's work to God, we had a good night's rest.

Ethel May Rainville, Gr. VI.

* * *

A Little Concert.

On the eve of Rev. Father Principal's Feast, we had a little concert as a little surprise for him. Here are the pieces we played: "Festival Song. Festival Greetings. Toy Orchestra. Address. A Secret. God save the King. Rev. Father Chate-lain spoke to us. He promised us a full-day holiday and in his kindest words he thanked and blessed us in a special manner. After the little concert we all went to Benediction and sang nice new hymns. We all tried our best to sing and pray at Father's intentions.

Flora Lavallee, Gr. V.

* * *

A Full Day Holiday.

Thanksgiving Day, we were granted a holiday. The boys left first in the truck while we prepared the dinner and supper. We went to Shram's Beach, which is about seven miles from the school. In the forenoon we ran races and the winners had each a pack of gum. We found that the hot pan-cakes we were given with brown sugar, tasted very good after so good exercises. In the afternoon we had a game of soft-ball with the boys. Once the game over, Father Adam, our Parish Priest, and Brother Lafaille took us for

a ride on the lake in a gasoline boat, which ride we all enjoyed the most. After supper we had to return to school; after spending such a grand day we did not fail to give thanks to God, by assisting at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Patricia Sparvier, Gr. VII.

Our Visitors.

We had some visitors here on October 5th, as it was our Principal's feast. They were invited for the little concert we had on the previous evening. But on account of the bad weather and bad roads, they came only the next day for supper. They were: Rev. Lavigne and Rev. De Bretagne from Lebre; Rev. Jeannotte and Rev. Poulin from Lestock; Rev. Father Granger from Manitoba and also Rev. F. Pilon, who preached our retreat this fall. We were all glad to have them with us on such a great day and hope to see them soon again.

Evelyn Delorme, Gr. VII.

Retreat.

From October 16th, we followed the spiritual exercises of our annual Retreat, preached by Rev. Fr. Pilon, O.M.I. "It's the first time we make so pious a retreat," remarked one little girl. Indeed, the exterior marks of a real devotion and true piety were sufficient to prove we had all stopped to reflect seriously, as Father invited us to do so. Now, we still remember his last and kind warning: "Watch and pray." Yes, said he, keep your eyes wide open, spread happiness around you. With a smile, be good and do good."

—o—

MUSCOWEQUAN SCHOOL

Lestock, Sask., Nov. 7th, 1938.

Our New Grotto.

Amongst all the feasts of the year, not one seemed to have us happier than that of Our Dear Mother — Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. It was the chosen day for the solemn blessing of our beautiful Grotto situated among the pine tree in the girls' yard. What a lovely grotto!

On that very morning, lights blazing and trees partly white-washed having flags waving to and fro amidst their green foliage, was a lovely sight. Best of all was the very expressive and lovely white statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and that of a very sweet little Bernadette in a kneeling attitude. To resume all, everything seemed to be smiling and everyone seemed to be happy on that beautiful day.

Lebret had graciously sent "Representatives": one Reverend Father and six Oblate Brothers. As they attended Mass, they also took part in the singing.

Before Mass, Reverend Father Principal blessed the Grotto and gave each of us a medal as souvenir of the blessing of the shrine. His sermon was one on the "Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary to little Bernadette." During the Holy Office, the girls and boys of the Choir sang hymns of praise to Our Blessed Mother.

Benediction took place at three o'clock in the afternoon at the shrine. Quite a number of people came to the service.

The rest of the day passed too quickly, yet we found time to enjoy ourselves with games and songs.

We heartily congratulate the Rev. Oblate Fathers and Brothers from Lebret for their agreeable visit and are looking forward for more; but our gratitude is now without words for the beautiful day and countless favors granted us through the maternal help of our Heavenly Mother!

By Flora Wolfe, Gr. VI.

ST. PHILIPS, SASK.

Reserve News.

Some Indians have been working on a well at the School. The work was supervised by the Engineering Department.



Msgr. Monahan confirms M. Minitch and R. Kitchimonia.

Deaths.

Three of our old-timers passed away during the month. Margaret Minitch died of old age. Her death was followed closely by that of Robert Kitchimonia. Strange to say, these two old persons were confirmed by Archbishop Monahan in a hut that he termed the "Cathedral of the Forests". After a brief illness, Thomas Green passed away. His coffin was draped with the Union Jack in consideration of his overseas service.

Births.

To Mr. and Mrs. P. Badger, a girl. To Mr. and Mrs. W. Whitehawk, a boy. To Mr. and Mrs. A. Quewezance, a girl. To Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cote, a girl.

School News.

No dull November in St. Philip's School.

All Saints Day brought sleet, chillness and our first snow, but from morning to night it was a happy day for us. We had a jolly afternoon with a general rehearsal of a little entertainment we were preparing as a surprise. In the evening, Fr. Paradis gave us a picture show, in which we visited Lourdes, Paris, Rome and Venice, and saw also many beautiful religious pictures.

On the feast of St. Charles, we enjoyed another full holiday in honor of Sr. Superior to whom we had offered a spiritual bouquet, a few gifts and our little entertainment. The Fathers and Sisters were well pleased with our performance, the nigger group being so funny that they were recalled.

On Sunday, Oct. 6, we had a Spelling Match, which the girls won. Edna Quewezance was the Champion Speller. Prizes for the October reading of the notes were awarded to W. Brass, H. Cote, C. Cote and Edna Musqua.

During the week, a few sleighs were taken out, and the boys began work on their rink. A surprise awaited us on Armistice Day. Fr. Principal had a man come and give us a real picture show. Cowboy scenes, comics and other pictures were shown.

Claire Cote, C. of M.

As someone has already told you of the big events, I will tell you of the everyday life here. The fine autumn weather we had gave us time to enjoy outdoor games. This year our football team turned into tennis players. Fr. Principal gave us the outfit, taught us the rules and how to make the court. Being experts at table tennis, we tried to master this fine game and did very well. But as we were getting along well, down came the snow and we quickly turned to the old favorite—Hockey. We have begun the work on the rink and the bigger boys were seen out there with picks and shovels preparing the ground.

Another amusement we enjoy is that we get from a big Meccano set. When we cannot play outdoors, time passes very quickly in building working models with this set. One day we made such an interesting piece, that Fr. Principal brought in a motor and made it work.

Our latest pleasure is taken in playing and listening to an accordion lent us by Arthur Barton. Some of us can play a few songs already, and we hope to master the accordion as well as our other games.

Wilfred Brass, Gr. VI.

SANDY BAY

Mission News.

On a recent visit to Lizard Point, the following were admitted into the Church: Charley Shingoose sr. and Charley Shingoose jr., Arthur and Violet Shingoose and Donald Cook.

Were baptized: Wilma Rilia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tanner, and Melvin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wabash.

Were married: Joseph Cook and Sady Mecas; and Arthur Shingoose and Agnes Clearsky.

School News.

At the end of September, all the boys and girls were seen picking up the potatoes in the field. After two days of work, the job was finished and we enjoyed a picnic given us on the shore of Lake Manitoba. We must thank the Fathers and the Sisters for their kindness, extending not only for our present welfare but for the future also.

Rev. Fr. Comeau has been sent at Lizard Point for some time. We miss him very much when he is gone. He often gives us picture shows in the boys' hall.

On October 20th, we were given a holiday to celebrate Fr. Superior's feast. As the weather was favorable, the boys and girls went for a long walk, bringing with them a nice lunch. On our return, we listened to the radio and played games.

On Oct. 27th, the children's retreat, under the direction of Fr. Comeau began. We had instructions twice a day for three days. It ended on the feast of Christ the King. Let us hope that it will bring fruits in the hearts of the children of Sandy Bay.

On the same day, the people from the reserve began their retreat in preparation for All Saints' day. Fr. Comeau also directed this retreat, and the Spiritual Exercises were well attended. No doubt, the people will be thankful to God for these days of Grace.

On November 1st, an X-Ray clinic was held at the School. We are all praying that none of us will be considered as active T.B. cases. Last year, two boys and two girls had to go to Fort Alexander, where they entered the Preventorium there.

FORT FRANCES

After mature examination the following report has been awarded first place in a composition contest on current events. However, many other compositions can hardly be deemed inferior to the first one. Hence the following names deserve being mentioned: Margaret Bruyere, Helen Flett, Sarah Medecine, Elie Mainville.

The 6th of September was the day chosen for us to come back to school and we all came back with hearts full of joy. The following Sunday we had a Basket social organized by the Knights of Columbus for the benefit of our church. Rev. Father Paquette and his brother assisted. They both bought a basket. This pleased us very much. The Knights were very successful. On the 20th of September our devoted Father Principal gave us a picnic. He took us to Frog Creek in a trailer. We ate our dinner there and had a ball game besides other games.

One day Mr. Charlie Bruyere came to the school and told our good Father that the people at Frog Creek were nearly smothering. Our kind-hearted Principal took his car and hurried to help them. He made many trips until they were all safe and comfortable in the basement of the church.

On the 12th of October we had the joy of welcoming our new mistress, Sister Leclair. When she came, Sister Bilodeau left. We were very sorry to see her leave us.

We had great joy at the return of good Father Fry on the 20th of October. He had left us for a long time.

We had been looking forward for a great event, the feast of our dear Father Principal who is so good to us. We had a reception for him on Wednesday, the 26th, and we were glad to offer our gift to him. We also put up a little concert for him in our play room. We prepared it ourselves to give our dear pastor a surprise.

We had ball games with the girls of St. Mary's School twice. We lost one game but we had won one before. We hope to enjoy this again.

A sad happening occurred here on the 29th of October. A young woman, Mrs. John McPherson, passed away. It was sad to see her go being so young but it was God's will. It was edifying to see the Knights of Columbus praying aloud near the corpse.

On the 4th of November our kind Father de Varennes left early in the morning to go and celebrate Mass at the Manitou Reserve. A few children went with him. The Catholics of that reserve were very pleased, and they received Holy Communion.

We are all trying to profit of the good training the Reverend Fathers and Sisters are giving us, to show them they do not labour in vain.

Rosie Morriveau, Gr. VII.

KENORA, ONTARIO

St. Mary's Indian School.

Today I come to tell you that our school life is all changed with a Sister as Keeper. We are coming out of a dream. Let me drop you that we often smile alone, when, here and there, we hear such whisperings as this: "Oh! the boys are getting smart." We hope that what they say is true.

You may be sure that we enjoy our school days. We emphasize on Language and Loud Speaking. To reward us our teacher has the "Hobbies Fretwork Outfit" and we like to do that kind of work. She is also preparing altar boys.

We know our answers now and are anxious to have our turn at the altar. Above all we are striving to surpass the girls, in prayers and singing at least, because it is usually said that the boys are not "Loud Speakers" in the chapel.

The fine October weather gave us a splendid time on the playground. Our Baseball games left us "full of pep" specially when won over the outsiders. Now we must think of planning our "Winter Sports". For the indoor games it is enough to say they do not miss. A glance at the new cupboard under the stairs cheers up the fellow who scorns the visit of Mr. Jack Frost.

It is impossible to close without saying a few words of the outstanding feast which marked the end of October. Yes, we surely have celebrated the Christ King in our School. In the morning the communions were numerous. At the low mass special hymns expressed our devotion to the King of Kings. The High Mass was sung by an old missionary, Rev. Father S. Perreault, who favored with the Indian Instruction. In the afternoon we went to pay our homage to Jesus, Christ and King, in the church of the town. We made our adoration in a heartfelt prayer, sang in Indian, English and French. May our behavior have inspired the witnesses of "Indian Prayers". To finish, Father Dumouchel gave us a picture show.

I must stop here if I want to be in time for the mail. I hope that you will be interested to learn how ambitious we are getting in St. Mary's Indian School.

Tom Big George, Gr. VI.

October for the children of St. Mary's Indian School has always a charm of its own. It cannot be otherwise for us placed under the vocal of this Divine Mother. Day by day we joyfully offered our roses to the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

Our daily life we harmonized on the notes of prayer, study, manual training and play. Singing is the keynote of our program. Four times a week we sing hymns during mass while on the other days we answer with the altar boys.

Our school work is not less active. We are doing our very best to learn well. Father Principal often comes to encourage our efforts. Catechism is closely followed. Father Dumouchel gave us a series of pictures which we will paint and keep as a souvenir of the school year. We also have "Our Own Catechism" book to work under his direction. Loud Speaking and Politeness are progressing with the L.S.P. Club. Our language lessons are very interesting. Choral Reading is going on fine.

If we work hard we also play all our might. Lately Father Principal bought all kinds of nice and new games. If our motto was not "Duty First" we would often grumble at the sound of the unbashful bell which rings too often . . . just when we are in the most interesting part of the games . . . We also have picture shows . . . we enjoy them and now when we read about the children of other missions we have their picture in our minds. We saw those of Lebreton.

A word of the grand feast which we highly celebrated on the last Sunday of October. It was splendid. The wonderful display of flowers and silver streamers which decorated the altar was inspiring. Loudly we sang "Jesus Said It — He Must Reign." The aspirants to the Society of Mary had no better day to make a public act of Consecration to the Holy Queen of Heaven. Flora McLeod had the honor of reading the Act in the name of her sisters.

Now we are preparing for the nice Feast of the Immaculate Conception. May the lines of this letter interest you and invite you to answer in the next issue.

Martha Bluebird, Gr. VII.



TO AN INDIAN INQUIRER

By Fr. Guy de Bretagne, O.M.I.

An eminent historian, Dawson, pointed out the great plague of our time as "the lack of sacredness," the mark of decay for the occidental civilization. This sense of sacredness and religiosity is or was the most striking characteristic which after all is merely human. In fact, the old type of Indian was very religious. This was found in any detail of his life; Nature was speaking to him in the Kitchi Manito; all the events of his life were bathing in this light; birth, marriage, illness, hunting, death. I have already said that many errors confounded them like all other humans but here, let us remember how intimately the Indians had bounds of all kinds, with the spiritual world. The Fascists and Communists who had rejected God, enthroned in his place an anonymous being: the State. Everybody and everything belonged to the State. This new and old error is called Totalitarianism. The old Indians were more human; they were totalitarist in their religiosity.

For them, too, religion was not only a private affair as many white people claim it to be now. The Indian is very sociable: he likes to visit his kind, he is fond of great meetings, he has always recourse to the opinion of the ancients, and his religion was a public affair as well as a private one. For, after all, sociability is but the extension of the family love and every one knows how the Indians have a great love for their family.

A last characteristic of the Indian religiosity is found in its sensibility. The Indian is a man of common sense; he has never dreamed a false worship "in spirit" invented by some white people who do not bend their knees to adore God, do not pray with their lips, and consider a sacrifice or a sacrament as superstitious and refuse the help of statues, pictures and medals, as idolatry. The Indians never fell into such an error, as to believe they were pure spirits and no one ignores the symbolism of their art as well as their rites and ceremonies of old, which, however, led them to magical performances.

Now, we have already noted that their heart could not be filled and satisfied. When the missionaries brought them the Gospel, the greatest majority of them listened and received Baptism. At last their thirst for religion was quenched. For that was the religion their fathers were longing for, a divine religion, old as the world, perfect and making perfect, where nothing rebukes the common sense, where head and heart are satisfied in their quest of the divine. There nothing can be laughed at, or found wanting, or questionable or dubious. It imparts to man such a dignity, reveals the wonderful love of God for us, answers all questions. Everything is worthy

of God, nothing ridiculous, selfish, contradictory or immoral. It gives to every one on the Universe a high sense of sacredness which certainly appeals to the religious totalitarianism. It gives a place to all our affections, country, race, family; it requires a social aspect as well as a private one; asking for public worship as well as sincerity of private conscience. The whole word is the magnificent song of God the Creator, the whole human history is the marvelous tale of God our Saviour, all mankind is called in a divine brotherhood which safeguards all natural distinction and loves to partake of the very life of God. The Christian Religion is the only wonderful and divine religion, making us the adopted children of the Common Father of Heaven. The sacredness of the old Indians make them walk in a world of spiritual powers. The sacredness of the Christian world calls them to a world where everything is to make them citizens of the spiritual world now, not only after death.

The "totalitarianism" of the old Indians made them have recourse to gods and divinities whom they feared rather than respected and loved. The Christian religion will envelop their whole being and life and give their daily common life to a ceaseless common life with God, a God deserving all their love. The sociability of the old Indians did not ignore God in their public relations. The Christian religion will raise all the life to a divine brotherhood, the Mystic Body of Christ, the real name of the Catholic Church. The old Indian did not commit the sin of "angelisation"; the perfect Religion of God will be summarized in a visible sacrifice at Mass, will help the soul by visible means, the seven Sacraments, the visible church, the visible rites and ceremonies and sacramentals of all kinds by which God notifies our spirits and satisfies their sensibility.

Being God's religion, Christianism cannot but fit the Indian mentality, as it did for all other people, regardless of their race. Christianism is for all: Catholic or Universal.

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Calendar for Month of December

- Dec. 4—2nd Sunday of Advent.
- " 8—Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- " 11—3rd Sunday of Advent.
- " 18—4th Sunday of Advent.
- " 21—St. Thomas, Apostle.
- " 24—Christmas Eve, day of Fast and Abstinence.
- " 25—Christmas Day.
- " 26—St. Stephen.
- " 27—St. John, Evangelist.
- " 28—Holy Innocents.

Chapter VIII.

Christmas was nigh and the Sisters of the School, with the big girls got busy, cleaning and washing the whole institution with the chapel of the mission. Banderolles and flags of every color, large and small, were swaying and flying in every corner of the building; special attention was given to the decoration of the chapel. Evergreens were brought into the sanctuary and fastened on each side of the main altar. A very snug crib with the little Infant was built in the right hand corner of the sanctuary. The three Kings of the Orient with their servants, and their enormous camels bowed before the Infant lying in the manger, and offered to the Babe their costly gifts of gold, incense and myrrh. A brilliant star fastened somewhere in the sky, threw upon the crib its yellow light. Angels in multitudes were circling above the stable. Nothing mentioned in the Bible was missing around the stable where Christ the Saviour was born.



In the evening from seven to eleven, the church was filled with people preparing themselves for confession, as Christmas is the great feast of the Indians. On that day, all will go to Communion to receive Jesus in their simple hearts.

Midnight bells were now ringing for the last time. Every space in the Indian chapel was occupied. Old Teweigan came into the church early and sat on a chair near one of the center pillars. Her eyes were wide open; she knew everybody and carefully looked around the place. She was thinking and judging. Her eyes naturally went first towards the crib. She knew the meaning of the Crib, and now tried to find out by herself the meaning of all the details surrounding it.

Twelve o'clock rang. From above her, as if the angel of the Lord had appeared again, a voice sang "Silent Night". Teweigan turned to see, as she thought she recognized it. A feeling of pride ran through her, as she saw it was Lucy. She listened carefully, then the altar boys appeared at the altar. They were dressed in red and white. One of them led the procession and carried in his hands the silver censor.

Teweigan forgot the angelic voice and directed her attention to the altar, where the Priest was beginning the Mass. The faithful accompanied in spirit the celebrant, and united all in

one body, offered with the priest the great sacrifice for the remission of their sins. Not a whisper was heard in the congregation; only prayers, light and swift like angel wings, ascended to Heaven.

This Midnight Mass was a most inspiring sight. Old Teweigan sitting near the pillar, did not know where to turn her head. Her ears were full of heavenly melodies. Her eyes filled with tears glanced towards the crib. Between the flickering lights of the red and blue candles, she saw the Babe lying in the manger on a little heap of straw; his hands were wide open. She cried and said: Oh! sweet little Babe, I too would like to pray. And two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

Teweigan was now a Christian at heart. She fell on her knees for the first time in her life and prayed most fervently. She was all enraptured, so much that she didn't notice anything more about her. All her strength and thought was for Jesus and Jesus alone.

In the meantime, the Priest came to the Communion. The people were already approaching the holy rail. The Servants recited the Confiteor and a few girls began the hymn "Kitchi Missawendam". Teweigan listened and understood the meaning of the hymn. Had it not been for the Sister, she too would have gone to Communion that night.

When told that she could not yet receive Communion, she obeyed, and knelt to pray with more fervor the Babe in the crib, assuring Him that after mass, she would go and see the Priest to be baptized.

And indeed, that very night, after all the faithful had gone, an old lady, with a dark shawl over her head, penetrated the vestry of the church where the priest was praying. She simply told him: "Noss Sikamdawishin! Father, baptize me."

Because she was already well prepared, having assisted many times at the Catechism class, and her desire of receiving the great Sacrament was so evident, there was no difficulty for the Priest to grant her demand. I baptized her solemnly in the presence of all children and Sisters of the School, on the afternoon of that Christmas day. I gave her the name of Suzanna.

M. Kalmes, O.M.I.

(To be continued)

CHRISTMAS TOWNS

There are many town in the United States that have names which remind one of Christmsa. Here are some of them:

Christmas, Arizona.	Bethany, Illinois.
Palestine, Illinois.	Orient, New York.
Nazareth, Kentucky.	Star, Nebraska.
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania	New Galilee, Pensylvan
Snow, Oklahoma.	Angels, Pennsylvania.
Holly, West Virginia.	Santa Claus, Indiana.

Santa Claus, Indiana, is the most famous "Christmas" town in the United States. Many people sent Christmas cards and packages there. The postmaster in Santa Claus then sends them to the persons who are supposed to get them. In this way the packages and cards have the words "Santa Claus" stamped on them.



Peeled Log Cabin Replaces Old Hut As Indian's Home

By Idabelle Richards.

The average home to be found on any Indian reserve today is a wooden one, usually one room, cracks filled in with mud and straw, then white-washed. Inside there will be a table and chairs, perhaps also a bed. There are only a few Indians who have furnished houses that compare with those of the white man.

In the winter a stove supplies the heating and cooking needs; in the summer the family usually move out into an ordinary tent, where meals are cooked over an open fire.

An Indian, born into this atmosphere, will, at a tender age, be sent to residential school. Some of them come back 10 years later to take their place in life. They may have passed the grade eight standard. A few of them will go on to a higher education. In the residential school, they have been carefully trained in cleanliness, in religion, in reading, writing and arithmetic. Their lives have been well organized; they have been well cared for. Modern conveniences have added to their comfort.

So, with this training and background, the Indian girl and boy come back home—home to an uncomfortable hut. The girl may have every intention of improving her home. She can keep it clean, but what chance of advance? She has not been trained to make pies in a pot over the open fire. And the boy—his father may say he is worthless and it takes three or four years to accustom him to reserve life.

The Indian department feels it is better to have curtains fluttering at the windows of Indian homes than to give out academic diplomas. There is a campaign to make school work more practical; to teach the Indian the three "R's" and then fit him for his particular life. However, the new plan is already showing results. Practical work is being injected into many of the schools to the extent that academic work is taken the first half of the day and the remainder is taken up with practical teachings. The girls are learning to knit and to darn. Boys are instructed in gardening and other useful knowledge. This practice has been carried on in some places in the past. But the new idea is to have a uniform improvement scheme that will take in the whole province.

Linked with this, the department is starting a clean-up campaign on the reserve. Improvements are made from every angle. Montreal Lake shows good results in the last year. Here grounds

are cleaned. A little shrub in a neatly fenced yard and clean houses may show the first stages of improvement. Indians are made clean-up conscious. At Montreal Lake a prize was given for the neatest home.

One of the most interesting things to see on a reserve are the new homes. At Montreal Lake, the old broken down huts are being burned and in their places are attractive peeled log-cabins. The Indians have done all the labor. They have already 10 of them. These homes are for the old people but in four years they expect to have the whole reserve rebuilt. The old people are as thrilled about their homes as children are at Christmas time.

The big feature of the new homes, that of which the Indians are so tremendously proud, is the fireplace. For this fireplace is a link with the past, an almost lost art which has been revived. Old Indians, with long memories, are teaching the younger generation how to make them. The fireplace gives excellent ventilation to the room. In the centre of it is a hook on which to hang kettles. To all appearances it is cement. But in reality the cement is mud and straw, properly mixed and then dried. There is no peeling or scaling for the making of these fireplaces is an art.

At Mistawasis reserve, they are building new homes also. Here the men were seen at work building the fireplaces. A framework was made from branches and twigs, a criss-crossing foundation on which hang the mud and straw. An Indian was outside, mucking around with his huge mud pie, careful to get the right proportions and mixing it well. The mud was worked into a long roll and hung over the framework. This began the cementing process, the mud being gradually packed in and smoothed. Great care must be taken to get the fireplace the right shape so that it will draw properly. After the fireplace is finished it is whitewashed. Someone also had the idea of putting lovely shells and colored rocks in the "cement" before it dries.

As the men worked, an old man strutted around, contentedly drawing on his pipe as he watched the young Indians engaged in building the fireplace. It was not difficult to guess that he was the proud teacher.

The Indians have also started making furniture for the cabins. The old people love flowers, so with some window boxes, these attractive Indian cabins would make a picture fit to grace any postcard.

"Raise our standard of living in this way and we will not want to go back to the old manner of living," said one of the Indians.

FOR INDIAN AND WHITE

"Where envy and contention is, there is inconstancy and every evil work." (Jas. III, 16.) "By envy of the devil, death came into this world and they follow him who are on his side." (Wisdom II, 24.)

How many people "cut their own throats" because they are afraid the other fellow will get something. They not only "cut their own throats" but they "cut the throats" of others because they do not want the other fellow to have the least, tiny thing. Yes, an envious person has been known to go so far as to make a whole town or tribe suffer because he was jealous of just one single person or a single family's betterment in that town or tribe. What a terrible sin to punish everybody just because he is stubbornly jealous of another.

It is not necessary to mention factions and groups that are always fighting each other, because they are jealous of each other. They only hinder their own progress themselves; they are the cause of their own sufferings.

Ignorant people make the mistake of thinking that the receiving of food or clothes for nothing is a matter of justice. These envious, ignorant people forget that they have no right to something for which they pay nothing. If they do not get as much as another they have no right to complain. Ignorant people let their friends become enemies just because their friends happened to get more than they did. In plain words, because ignorant people get something for nothing, they get angry at the one who gave it to them.

Is this keeping the words of Holy Scripture? The Bible says: "Instead of a friend, become not an enemy to the neighbor, for an evil man shall inherit reproach and shame; so shall every sinner that is envious and doubled tongued. The eye of the envious is wicked; and he turneth away his face and despiseth his own soul." (Eccles. XIV, 8.) "Brotherly love, envieth not but rejoiceth in good." (I. Cor. XII, 4-6.) "Brotherly love rejoiceth with them that rejoice and weepeth with them that weep." (Rom. XII, 15.)

If some of the double-tongued, trouble-making, fault-finding, evil-minded, jealous people only knew to what trouble the missionary and charity workers put themselves to distribute things fairly and honestly, they would stop finding fault with them and with their neighbor.

When these jealous people receive something for nothing they make comparisons of gifts, like babies, and they express dissatisfaction at the smallness of their own gift. That's wrong.

Jealousy is contrary to the law of God. The law of God requires we should rejoice when He gives His gifts and favors to others, displays His goodness and bounty and excites them to love Him. Now envy is grieved at God's goodness to others, finds fault with the way He gives out His gifts, complains about His generosity, and would put a stop to it if he could.

Jealousy is the parent and source of many other sins, particularly hatred and malice. The jealous are always ready to judge quickly and to find fault, and condemn their neighbor, to put the worst meaning on all they say and do, and to slander and backbite them. They are generally whisperers and gossipers who try to set every other person against those of whom they are jealous. They try to do them all kinds of evil and take a wicked satisfaction in any trouble that comes upon them, and, they are sometimes pushed on to the most shocking crimes.

Beware! What happened to Cain in the Bible

may happen to you! Do you want to imitate the Pharisees who went so far in their jealousy as to make Our Lord suffer and eventually put him to death on the cross! Overcome your jealousy and rejoice at the good done to others, no matter to whom.

To be a friend to someone does not always mean to give. Many people will talk nicely to another person and of another person only when they want to get something from that person, and if that person does not give what they ask for they get angry at him. Selfishness is the guide of such people. This is contrary to Scripture which says: "But when thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth. That thy alms may be secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee." (Matt. VI, 3-4.)

Selfish people do not care for any other friendship except the friendship that always gives. Only through the law of charity "Love thy neighbor as thyself" are the selfish to be befriended. Unreasonable and selfish people feel they have a right to everyone else's belongings. They always presume too much, they are easily angered, are inclined to jealousy, calumny, detraction and running down the good name of others that do not favor them. Because they deprive themselves of a good name through their selfishness, because they use their relief allowance to make merry, regardless of the future, because they do not want to work they think that everybody else ought to help them. Selfish people are often just lazy "bums", that go around visiting just to get something to eat. The worst of it is, that selfish people think they ought to be rewarded for their wastefulness, thriftfulness and laziness.

According to thy ability be merciful. If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even to bestow a little willingly," says Holy Scripture. (Tobias IV, 8-9.)

Nowadays people in this country are mostly on relief. Each poor family receives relief for the members of the family alone. Therefore they should use the relief for themselves alone, they should not give it away freely. If they do not use their relief properly there will be confusion in the neighborhood and in the whole country. Not only they, but their children will have to suffer. If the children do not get enough nourishment and do not have the proper clothing, they are bound to contract some disease, especially tuberculosis and eventually death.

Now a man has a right to his own life; furthermore, every father and mother is responsible for the lives of their children. As the fifth commandment says: "Thou shalt not kill", it is wrong to give away food or feed neighbors when the family itself have to suffer to the extent of contracting disease.

There is hardly a more despicable crime than that of a father or mother who waste their relief money on drink or who leave their beloved partner in marriage to chase with another man or woman. They are a scandal to the community, a disgrace and **do not deserve any help**. What a shame! What a pity! The poor innocent children have to suffer for the sins of the parents. Let it be remembered, in these cases, that it is a duty to help only the children and not the parents.

When food supplies are small and money is scarce, it is best not to give away any of it. There are other ways of being charitable besides giving alms to the poor. One can work for them, chop and haul wood for them, clean up the home and the yards for them. How many homes have clothes strewn all over the floor, have windows impervious to light on account of the dirt on

them, have closets and trunks that are a happy meeting place for mice and bugs. How many yards and premises around homes are littered with glass, tin cans, unusable parts of old cars, and often the ground is grey from the disposal of slop water. It would be a great act of charity to help these poor people clean up.

Yes, if selfish people who always expect gifts from their friends would only want to work it would be a happy country in which to live.

Discouragement and sadness limit your power of reasoning, destroys your mental activity to understand and therefore disables you from being ready for an emergency.

People so often forget that discouragement has no power to change things that have already happened. Ten years of sorrowful remembrance can do nothing to remedy one short hour of suffering in the past. On the contrary, it will change the pain that is over and gone into an ever present sorrow. One must look toward the future for a remedy.

Many people are preventing their own betterment because they are so easily discouraged — they lack perseverance. Perseverance means the continuance in doing good. Because they do not see any immediate results in doing good, they want to do something else. They try doing something else—this, that and the other thing. Immediate ease and great results still fail to come. Eventually, letting themselves be so overcome with discouragement, they quit trying to do anything good, and yield to idleness and hatefulness, and thereby become a burden to humanity. Christ's admonition is thus: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." (Matt. 16-24.) But they do not act according to this.

Through his yielding to idleness, the easily discouraged becomes a pest to society. He is always wanting something, he becomes a professional beggar. He becomes a disgrace to his relations. He becomes a sorrow to his friends. The one who is idle becomes weak and destroys his firmness of character. By yielding to idleness, the easily discouraged simply decay, die and rot.

Furthermore, in general, because everyone can not always give the easily discouraged everything they ask for, they yield to hatefulness. People who are easily discouraged are easily moody. Everyone has to be "tip-toeing" about them, be most careful to use the choicest words and the sweetest voice in addressing them. One must be most careful not to incur their displeasure in the least. One can never tell just in what mood they might be. Upon their moods and feelings depend their judgment. They may mistake the most kindly spoken words for sarcasm, the best advice for "bossiness", a kind gesture for a threat to beat them most miserably. They are supersensitive "touch-me-nots"; sickening bores to their fellow men, and are most unbearable to themselves.

Easily discouraged people are narrow minded, even too narrow minded to see what other people are doing for them. They do not see that their neighbor has sorrow and discouragement of his own. They do not appreciate their neighbors' encouraging words, "cheer up". Most of all, they do not see the vast amount of courage and the double effort it requires the neighbor to keep up not only his own courage, but to instill it, and keep it up in others.

The most successful man is the one with determination and courage to do good. To the successful it doesn't matter whether the determination and courage consists in doing something

big or in doing lesser things repeatedly in a big way, just so it's doing good steadily.

The successful man looks upon himself as a soldier who must gain a victory. He knows that he cannot gain a victory without a fight, so he looks for opposition and difficulties and he conquers them large and small.

The courageous man is reasonable in his complaint about the world. He knows that the greatest world he can ever know is himself. The greatest development he can make is the development of his own capabilities! He must give his energy, talents and service before he can expect anything from the world in return. Love of God and neighbor is his guide.

If there would be more courageous, determined men, there would be less idleness, less suffering and more progress. But best of all, the courageous man does not hesitate to say with St. Paul: "I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come that it be revealed in us." The really successful man is guided and gets his courage, determination and perseverance through faith.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." (James I, 22-27.)

(Reproduced from Catholic Sioux Herald,
Marty, S. Dak.)



Mary Immaculate, December 8th.

A PEANUT VENDER'S GOOD DEED

By Mabel Farnum.

Alex, the Peanut Vender, trudged to the door of the brightly lighted grocery store and peered in at the round face of the clock. Exactly nine-fifteen. It was very cold, too, for the steam that shot up with a shrill whistle from the funnel-shaped nose of his machine etched itself on the air as if carved there by some sharp instrument.

It would never do, Alex reflected, to omit his accustomed good deed on Christmas eve, of all days. Alex had adopted the practice of doing a good deed every day after becoming acquainted with Teddy Mullaney, who was a Boy Scout. Returning to his machine, he stamped in the newly fallen snow.

Suddenly he straightened his bent shoulders and uttered an exclamation. An under-sized and poorly dressed boy had sidled up close to a stand in front of the grocery. On the stand, unattended for the moment, were remnants of Christmas greens on sale. Owing to the lateness of the hour, they were sharply reduced in price.

Quietly and swiftly the boy had picked up the largest and finest wreath of all and had scurried down the street with the stolen property, tightly clasped beneath his ragged coat. Just then good fortune came to the aid of Alex, who felt sorry for the boy. His friend, Teddy Mullaney, came around the corner.

"Hi!" said Alex. "I'm glad you came along just now—" He whispered a few words into Teddy's ear. An instant later Teddy was running at top speed down the street in the direction the other boy had taken. When he caught up with him, he said, "Hey!" in friendly fashion.

The boy turned sharply, then scowled. "Hey yourself," he said. "And what of it?" "Why, it's Christmas Eve, of course!" responded Teddy. "And I just thought I'd wish you a Merry Christmas."

"What do yer want ter do that fer?" asked the other boy, hugging his coat uneasily while he eyed Teddy in suspicion.

"Why, because—everybody does!"

"Everybody! Huh! That's all you know about it. An' maybe I'll Merry Christmas you if you don't leave me alone. I guess I could punch yer head off, all right, if I wanted to."

"Don't do that, please," Teddy said, "because there are a lot of things that have to go into it—my head, that is, my mouth—tomorrow."

"Things?" suggested the other boy, licking his lips hungrily with his tongue.

"Yes, there ain't much o' that stuff goin' into my head as I know of," said the boy. As he began to edge away, Teddy knew that he must come to terms at once with this very strange young person.

He began courageously, "What have you got under your coat? You st—I mean, you took that wreath, because somebody saw you. And, of course, I don't want the police to come along and—"

"But I wasn't goin' to keep it myself," the other boy whispered fearfully. "I was jus' goin' to—to sell it and get some eats. 'Cause I'm hungry, that's what."

A few minutes later the two boys parted peaceably. Teddy had taken back the stolen wreath and had given the boy a bright new twenty-five cent piece which he had been keeping for some cherished purpose—he had not quite decided what. The wreath had been stealthily replaced on the stand, before the proprietor, who was busy

inside the store had missed it.

"Don't forget—tomorrow, at seven!" Teddy had his new friend as he said good-bye to him.

It was growing dusk on Christmas Day. In the Mullaney living room gifts were heaped about a tree that glittered with colored lights and bright ornaments. Suddenly Teddy burst in to the family circle. "M—Mother," he began breathlessly, "I've brought you and Daddy a Christmas present—very special—"

"But son," his mother looked a little puzzled, "you gave me a pretty handkerchief and your father a nice napkin ring. What in the world do you mean?" — "It's outside, Mother. Wait 'til I bring it in—"

Beside the gay Christmas tree, the shabby clothes and pinched face of Teddy's new acquaintance looked more pathetic than ever.

"It's a boy, Mother," cried Teddy triumphantly yet pleadingly, "and his name's Jimmy. His daddy died ever so long ago, and his mother was buried just lastt week, and he's staying with a woman who's going to send him to a Home right away—that is, if we—if you don't take him. And can't we have some of my Christmas presents?"

His mother and father listened with amazement. Then his mother said, "I'm glad you came, Jimmy. We'd be glad if you'd have dinner with us." And Ted's father said, "Hello, Jim. Merry Christmas!"

Then for the first time since Teddy had made his acquaintance, Jim smiled. "Howdy!" he said. "Merry Christmas!"

Much later that evening, when Ted and Jim were absorbed in a wonderful electric train, a conference was held in the next room. Ted's father said, "Think it over well, Mary. We have three of our own, and it will mean a great deal of work and responsibility for you. Of course, there was the little boy we lost—"

"Yes," said Teddy's mother, looking through the doorway at the figure of the Infant in the crib under the tree. I was thinking of him. And I should like to have Jimmy take his place. See how happy he is, Edward. We must keep him that way."

Neyt day, Teddy stole away from a snow man, which he and his new "brother" were making in the back yard, to pay a visit to the Peanut Vender. He confided something to him in a low voice, because people were passing.

What Alex heard made him smile broadly. "So I did my good deed for the day after all!" he remarked to no one in particular.

As if to assure the Peanut Vender of the truth of his statement, the tin nose of the peanut machine sent up a shrill whistle into the crisp morning air.

(Reproduced from Young Catholic Messenger.)

